

I'll be your guardian angel. by [Pixereta](#)

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Summary:

Bill has always been some sort of guardian angel to Stanley, and it never fails to amaze him how much the man he grew up to love as a kid actually cares for him.

In Stanley Uris' world, the bad days are a little better because of grilled cheese, Bill Denbrough, National Geographic and his friends.

I'll be your guardian angel.

Author's Note:

- For [@stenbroughsafespace on tumblr](#).

Hello my faithful readers!

This was inspired by [@stenbroughsafespace](#) on Tumblr, so I hope you guys go give their blog so much love! <3

Based on their prompts, I tried to bring their fantasy to life with this lovely Stan/Bill oneshot, and who knows? Given the chance, I could turn this into a collection of Stenbrough works.

Hope you guys like it and thank you for stopping by
xx

Healing is a slow, tortuous process – Bill had learned that much in his time by Stanley's side.

Another thing he had learned was that depression was like an endless pit, and the more you tried crawling out of it, the more it seemed to swallow you whole. It was also deceiving: there were nice days where Stanley woke up early, took his morning shower, cooked breakfast, sat on their dorm's window and bird-watched, even drew on his notebook a few of the birds he saw; on those days, he really believed he had come a long way, and his progress was admirable.

And then there were the bad days – like *that* day, a day that was meant to be special for the both of them.

Bill had woken up in quite a good mood, stretching as he cracked an eye open and to his surprise his boyfriend was still in bed – *boyfriend*. Though they had been together for six months, the word still sent shivers down his spine and made him feel light-headed. Speaking of which, it was their sixth month anniversary.

«Good morning, sleepy head» he mumbled kissing his shoulder, receiving nothing but a hum in response. He felt a familiar pang of sadness in the pit of his stomach when he recognized the signs of a bad day: at 9 a.m. he still wasn't up, his hair was really messy and he

barely moved though he knew he was awake.

He sighed softly and stood up, opening the window to change the air and drawing back the curtains just a little, enough to illuminate the room but not too much, as he knew Stanley felt safer that way.

After being so close ever since they were just kids, pining after each other during their teenage years and then finally getting together, there was no need for words: they simply understood what the other needed.

Bill sent a quick message to one of his college-friends, telling them to send him the assignments later since he wasn't going to attend his classes for the day – that's what he always did when his lover needed him. He took a quick shower and then went back to check on Stanley, only to find him still in bed. He crouched down near him and noticed he had his eyes open and was looking at him with those big, sad eyes that seemed to say *I'm sorry I'm such a big burden.*

«How are you feeling, honey?» he asked, smiling softly at him as he ran a hand through his curls. Stanley smiled a strained smile but didn't answer.

Bill clicked his tongue and stood up, only to come a few moments later with a sheet of paper and a pen; that was a technique he had personally come up with when they were sixteen – Stan remembered it like it had happened yesterday, and the scene played out in his head like a movie.

He had been in bed for two days straight, and his father was yelling at him to man up and go to school if he didn't want to end up shaming his family and becoming a failure. He had managed to get up, put on a simple sweater and a pair of jeans (his shoes didn't match his attire, something his friend Richie quickly noticed, and he remembered how warm he felt inside thinking that there was someone that cared enough for him to notice if he had matching shoes or not) and went to school. Each action cost him an enormous amount of energy, and by the time he had reached his first class he felt like he had run a marathon.

«Stan?» Bill had whispered when he sat besides him «Why weren't you in school? We were worried about you, you know.»

Yes, of course he knew, and it made him feel like shit. He felt like a

burden on the Losers' shoulders, and there was absolutely nothing he could do about it. He was trying to force himself to speak, but no words came out, as if his lips were glued together. He clenched his fists in defeat and looked down in shame. Then, a few seconds later, Bill slipped him a piece of paper that said: if you can't talk we can always write things down.

The same thing happened several times after that particular moment, and that day, Bill slipped him a small piece of paper **Are you up for breakfast?**

Stanley bit his lip before nodding briefly, then writing in a messy handwriting **Nothing too big.**

«You got it» Bill chuckled and kissed his forehead before standing up and making his way towards the small kitchenette they had in the corner of the room.

It wasn't exactly a kitchen: Stan had insisted they must have the essentials to live healthily without always eating fast food, so they had opted for a small minibar as a fridge, a microwave and a small induction cooker. Their pots, pans and dishes were all piled up in a small container nearby. It wasn't ideal, but it was cozy and so *Stanley*.

Bill ended up making him a simple grilled cheese, a sort of comfort food for his boyfriend, though he also liked chicken soup and steamed veggies. He brought him his breakfast in bed and watched him eat in silence, a fond smile on his lips. He knew better than to push him to talk, or to get out of bed: he simply needed time. And the pain he was feeling...it was something Bill could never fully understand, but it was okay that way. He was happy with simply helping him get through his bad days.

He silently pushed the TV in front of their beds (which they had pushed together as soon as they moved in the same dorm) and snuggled back in bed, putting on National Geographic. If he was being honest he had come to like the documentaries, except some really boring ones that had him asleep fifteen minutes in. Those were Stanley's favorites, of course – *The more detailed, the better!*

The documentary was about penguins, and he suddenly snorted «Do you remember when Richie was constantly bugging you with the *do*

penguins have knees? question? Ah, that was so hilarious». Stanley didn't answer, but he didn't feel offended or annoyed, it was often like that on those days. Bill sometimes made small talk and his boyfriend listened in silence, enjoying the comfort of the other one's presence.

«Wait what?» Bill was honestly shocked «Are they really considered *birds*?».

Yes, they are. They descend from birds, but they can't fly., he handed him the small piece of paper and Bill smiled, linking their hands under the comforter.

As the third documentary was beginning, Bill stood up to stretch and Stan hummed lowly, a way of catching his attention.

«Yes, love?»

Richie keeps texting me about meeting them to go to Starbuck's. Do you want to go?

«Depends on what you feel like doing. It's fine either way for me, I'm happy just staying with you»

I want to go, but I hate looking this fucking sad. It's stupid.

«Hey, no» Bill pushed his curls out of his face, holding his chin as he said «you are the strongest person I know, don't you ever say your feelings are stupid. You have made so much progress, and everything you feel today is valid and important. You got it?»

Stan cast his eyes down, briefly inspecting his wrists.

Bill gently took them in his hands, loving how graceful his figure was. He bent his head down and brushed his lips against the now white scars «I love you. I love everything about you and your body, and these? They are your history. Living proof that you *survived*, that you *made it*. Never be ashamed of your past.»

He kept on kissing on every single line, and Stan remembered how he got each one of those and when. Though when Bill kissed them, they didn't feel stupid or filthy or ugly, and he felt so much love he started crying.

His boyfriend kissed all the way up his arms, stopped to kiss his neck and then peppered his cheeks with soft pecks, taking his head in his

hands as he placed one final kiss on his forehead. «I love you» he repeated once again with that sweet voice, one he had come to love over the years, slowly but surely, even back in his stuttering Bill days.

«Plus it's silly of you to think that our friends would ever mind seeing you, even if you are feeling sad. I bet if I'd tell Richie how you're feeling, he'd break down the door in three minutes and start pulling so many shit jokes about birds you'd rip your hair out by the end of the day. So don't you ever doubt how much he and everyone else loves you. We are *happy* you are here with us, with all you are».

Stan sniffled and buried his face in his neck, and it was like Bill's perfume was enough to give him the strength to get out of bed and actually freshen up to meet their friends.

«If it isn't my bad boy Billy and his ever so glorious pigeon, Stan the Man!» Richie's voice caught the attention of everyone within five meters, and Stanley slightly groaned at him. Bill smiled, because getting a reaction out of him was something already.

Richie's smile grew as he high-fived Bill and engulfed Stanley in a hug, whispering «Are you okay?»

Of course his boyfriend would tell him he was feeling sad – as much as it cost him to admit it, Richie really was good at making him feel better. He was often the one that went home on his particularly bad days and helped him get through the day, even just by staying by his side rambling about stupid shit while he felt like the world might collapse on him.

«I will be» he croaked out, his first words of the day, and he felt his friend squeeze him one last time before letting go and saying something about how his hair looked like a nest.

«No wonder you like birds so much →» he was cut off by Eddie slapping him on his head before winking back at Stanley.

Everyone in their group had a different way of dealing with emotions, and they had a different way of showing affection towards him in his moments of need.

For example, Bill ditched his lessons, made him his favorite food and watched documentaries with him.

Richie tormented him with jokes and impressions, never leaving his side whenever they were together.

Mike brought him fresh milk and warm bread from his farm.

Ben gifted him handmade, personalized bookmarks (his favorite one had a small bird on it, ready to fly away from his cage) or books.

Eddie gave him his space since he knew what feeling suffocated was, kept Richie under control (which was a big thing) but was always ready to listen to him and give him wise advice.

Beverly used to give him those heartwarming hugs and give him his best motherly-looks that said *eat and drink or you'll be in trouble*.

As they were walking, Bill noticed Stan tearing up and quickly ruffled his hair as he used to do when they were little, chuckling at how emotional he looked.

«Don't tell me you're about to cry because Richie gave you a hug!» he half whispered, obviously knowing that wasn't the reason why he was acting that way.

«I love you guys so much» he whispered back, blinking away those tears «but don't tell anyone, okay?»

Bill barked out a laugh as he said that, but promised not to say anything.

As they reached their destination, Eddie was furiously gesticulating as he nagged his boyfriend about being a complete pain in the ass, and Stanley smiled a little at their antics. To anybody else, they'd look like they were minutes from breaking up, but he knew how much Eddie actually loved his boyfriend's personality.

«What do you feel like drinking?» Bill asked him, stuffing his hands in his pockets as he waited for his answer. Stanley looked over the big chart on the wall and then asked the others what they were getting; Richie had already ordered a big drink full of whatever he could think of: chocolate, caramel, whipped cream and who knew what else, receiving a "You're disgusting" from Eddie and Stanley and a "Genius" from Bill. Eddie got a simple vanilla frappuccino with a few strawberries blended in. Bill got a simple chocolate milk. He thought about it a few seconds and then grabbed his boyfriend's sleeve, tugging on it slightly and whispering «I want the peach tranquility herbal tea».

Bill smiled and kissed his cheek briefly before turning to the cashier

and ordering for the both of them. Stanley felt a weird sort of warmth spreading in his chest as he thought of that one habit his boyfriend always had: whenever he wasn't feeling like it he ordered for him, bought his bus tickets, sometimes even emailed his teachers about upcoming tests for him.

As they waited for their drinks, Stanley was nervously shifting from side to side and glancing around in an almost frantic way: crowded places always made him feel a little bit itchy, especially when he wasn't feeling at his best. Bill noticed it and guided them all to a table in the far corner of the room, so he could slide in the booth and be as far away from the crowd as possible. Stanley smiled at him and took his hand, as his boyfriend rubbed his thumb on his knuckles and made small talk.

The hot tea immediately made him feel better, as he knew it would, and he felt his muscles slightly relax releasing a tension he didn't know he was holding until he was able to let it go. Eddie smiled at him when he noticed and asked him about his sketch book, a way of letting him in on the conversation and distracting him from his ongoing thoughts. As he took the little book full of drawings out of his pocket, his face brightened up as it always did when he was talking about one of his favorite activities, and he showed Eddie a beautifully drew bird with its name neatly written on the side *Black-capped Chickadee*.

«It's beautiful» he whispered, amazed at how his friend drew and at the attention he put in seeking these tiny creatures.

«It's a pretty common bird here, but it's really wonderful and its call is really peculiar» Stan commented, snuggling closer to Bill as he went in a detailed description of its habitat and anything else that he knew about it.

In the middle of their conversation, Stanley's phone rang showing *Unknown* at the top of his screen. Without thinking much about it, Bill held his hand out and smiled softly at him as he handed him the phone with a sheepish expression.

«Hello?»

A few seconds in, his face lit up «Bev! Why are you calling from an

unknown number? Yeah, he's here...»

As it turned out, her phone had died but she was anxious of hearing from Stanley, since Eddie had told Ben he was having an off day and Ben had told her.

«How are you guys doing, though? How are things in the Big Apple? Living your best dream?» he teased her, trying to distract her from the topic she had called for. She replied and the other three could hear her enthusiastic voice through the phone.

«Yeah, I told you, he's here – he's feeling better now» he was cut off by Stan placing a hand on his arm as he extended the other to get his phone back. He gave him a small smile and a nod as he put it on his ear.

«Hello, Beverly» he said, and winced when she yelled his name.

«...baby, how are you doing? Have you eaten something? Stay hydrated!» she fussed over the phone, and he felt as if she was right by his side. He bit his lip as he let her nag him and then reassured her that he was, in fact, doing better and there was absolutely nothing to worry about since Bill was taking care of him.

«I know he is» she replied, and Stan could feel her smile from miles and miles away «take care, okay? I miss you. Bye!»

As she hung up on him, he felt tears prickle at his eyes and sniffled lightly, before Richie snapped him out of his emotional state by saying «Stop it! Real birds don't cry!». He'd never admit it, but he chuckled finding it kinda funny.

When they were near campus, Bill abruptly turned right and had everyone confused. Stan shrugged and waved the other two goodbye, as Eddie had to study for an important test, and just followed him. They stopped by a tiny shop at the corner of the street and he smiled when he noticed his boyfriend buying him a tub of his favorite ice cream.

«What is this for?» he asked him with a cocked brow.

Bill wrapped his arms around his waist and pulled him closer, leaving a tender kiss on his lips «Because you're amazing, and you faced this bad day instead of running away. You went out, stayed in a public place and even talked on the phone with Bev for a while»

«Ah, that wasn't my doing only» Stanley replied, blushing a little «I could do this only because I feel safe when I'm with you.»

«That's where you are wrong, birdie» Bill said, cupping his cheeks before kissing him deeply «you *are* safe with me.»